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Chapter 1 by Astrid

I felt the cold tears slide down my cold face. Why? Why did it have to be me? Couldn't somebody else be here, talking to the leader of a rebel group? Couldn't someone else's best friend have died? Couldn't someone else have to live with the guilt? Knowing that, if you had stepped in, if you had been there, she would still be alive? "No." I thought. "That's you. You have to live with that. No one else."

Chapter 2 by Astrid



The guilt was crushing. I don't know how I was able to live with it. Not that I would really call this "living". I was an empty shell, still shocked. I kept expecting to hear her voice, inviting me to a good afternoon, together. Just days ago, she was still alive. My life was forever split; the beginning, the normal, with her. The war, the different, alone.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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